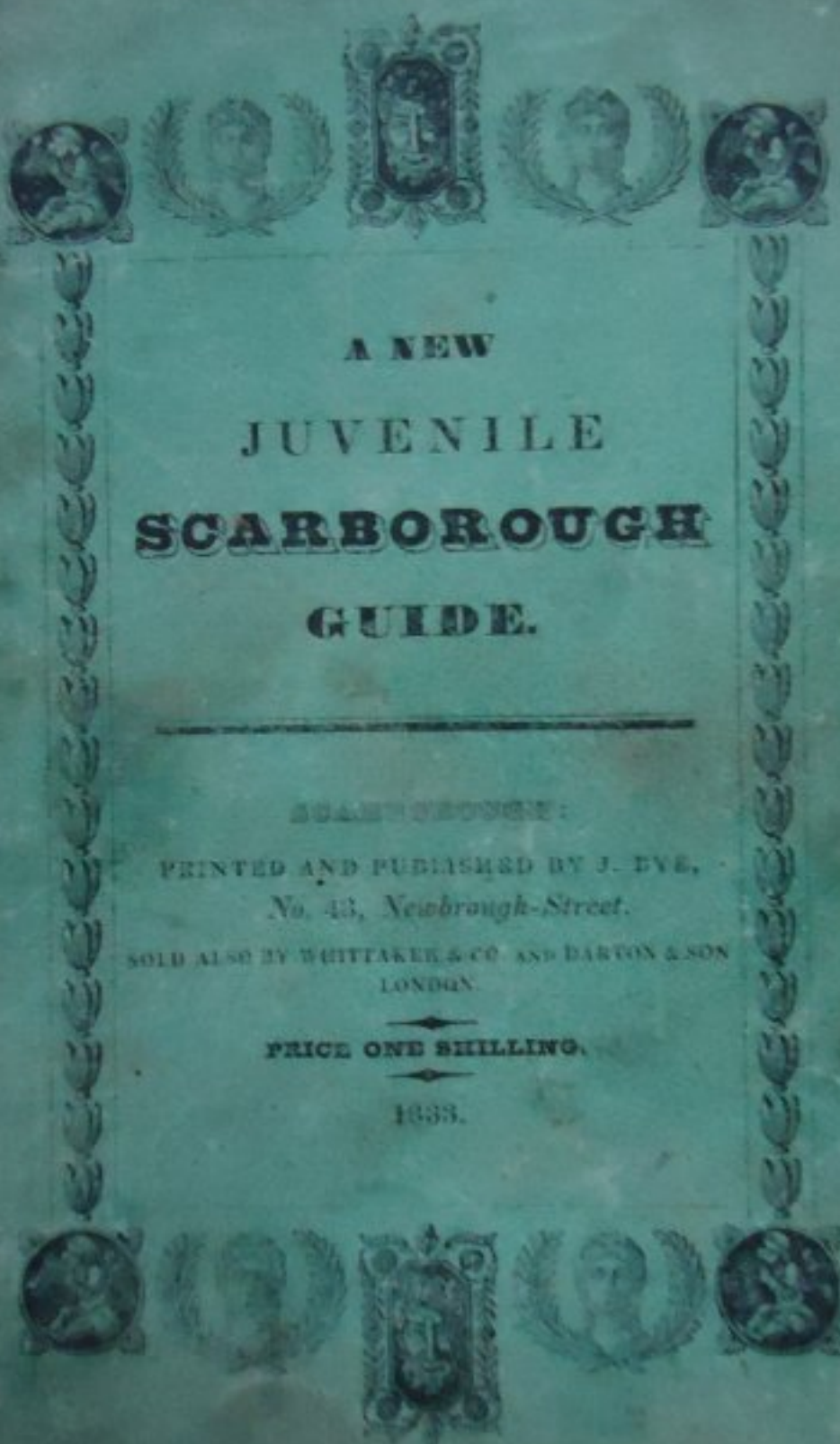


A NEW
JUVENILE
SCARBOROUGH
GUIDE

I bought this little book from a second hand stall on Doncaster market sometime around 1980 and paid 50p for it. It is a slim paperback measuring about 4½ inches by about 7 and a cover of an olive-turquoise shade which may have faded from the original. The pages are sewn together and it appears quite flimsy. The price of 1 shilling indicates, however, that it was aimed at a middle to upper class market, as does the fact that very few working class would have been able to read well enough to understand the language used in the book. Although the verse does tend towards the McGonaglesque it does have a certain naive charm. Perhaps of greater interest to the historian are the woodcut pictures which include the Rotunda Museum before its wings were built.

A photocopy of the book has been donated to the East Yorkshire Archives in Beverley. I am happy, however, for anyone who wishes to make up their own copy of the book to print off the pages. Blank pages have been omitted.

LJB
28 January 2012



A NEW
JUVENILE
SCARBOROUGH
GUIDE.

SCARBOROUGH:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. DYE,
No. 43, Newbrough-Street.

SOLD ALSO BY WHITTAKER & CO. AND DARTON & SON
LONDON.

—♦—
PRICE ONE SHILLING.
—♦—

1833.

A
NEW GUIDE
TO THE
JUVENILE VISITER
OF

Scarborough

CONTAINING

DESCRIPTIONS OF ITS SCENERY, CAUTIONS,
&C., TO LITTLE FOLKS.

SCARBOROUGH

PRINTED & SOLD BY JAMES BYE, 48,
NEWBRO'-STREET
SOLD ALSO BY WHITTAKER & CO, AND
DARTON & SON, LONDON.

1833.

PREFACE.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I have heard very knowing people say that every book should have a preface, whether the book be large or small; that such is the custom must be admitted, and, as I can offer no good reason for not complying therewith, I shall proceed to tell you a few of the reasons which have induced me to compile, for your amusement, this "JUVENILE SCARBOROUGH GUIDE."

It is true there is already one Guide, —a very nice little book ; but, as there has hitherto been two, and one is now out of print, I know no reason why there should not again be two; and the more illustrative of the varieties of Scarborough the better. I have also great pleasure in contributing to the enjoyment of little folks, and should I have so far succeeded in my undertaking as to enable me, when peeping over any of your shoulders, to see one smile of delight resting upon your countenances, I shall think my efforts well bestowed; for to me it is one of the most pleasing things to behold a good-natured, sweet-tempered, smiling child !—and, on the contrary, a source of sorrow and regret to behold one that is naughty and perverse.

I am a stranger to you, my little friends, nevertheless I shall often be near you when you do not expect me, and often see you when you cannot know me :—I frequently walk on the sands and on the terrace, — have many acquaintances among the little visitors of Scarborough,—and am a close observer of their behaviour.

I have not said so much as I could wish on the practice of sea gull shooting, but I am quite sure when you are told that these innocent and beautiful birds are often left to perish with hunger on the bosom of the ocean, unable to rise, probably from a wounded wing; and that when this happens to be a parent bird the little ones also perish; you will agree' with me, not only that it is "naughty to shoot them," but that it is also very cruel.

I will not occupy your time with any more preface because I know little folks generally dislike such things:— that you may be amused, and gratified ; that you may often visit Scarborough, and each time receive pleasure and benefit, is the wish of

YOUR UNKNOWN
AND OBLIGED
CORRESPONDENT.

THE JUVENILE GUIDE,

&c.



You are welcome to Scarborough, dear little friends.

All happy, and merry, and free;

You are welcome to walk on the soft, sandy shore,

To dip in the briny blue sea.

6

Did you come by the coach to the Bull, may I ask

Or did you get down at the Bell?

Or you came to the Talbot, or came in a chaise?

Your friends—have you left them all well?

You must take me along with you, dear little friend

When you bathe, when you walk, or you ride:

And if you are happy, and cheerful, and good,

I shall prove an agreeable guide.

Shall we step to the Sands, 'tis low water I see,

And the rocks are all rugged and bare;

The distance is short, 'tis down hill all the way,

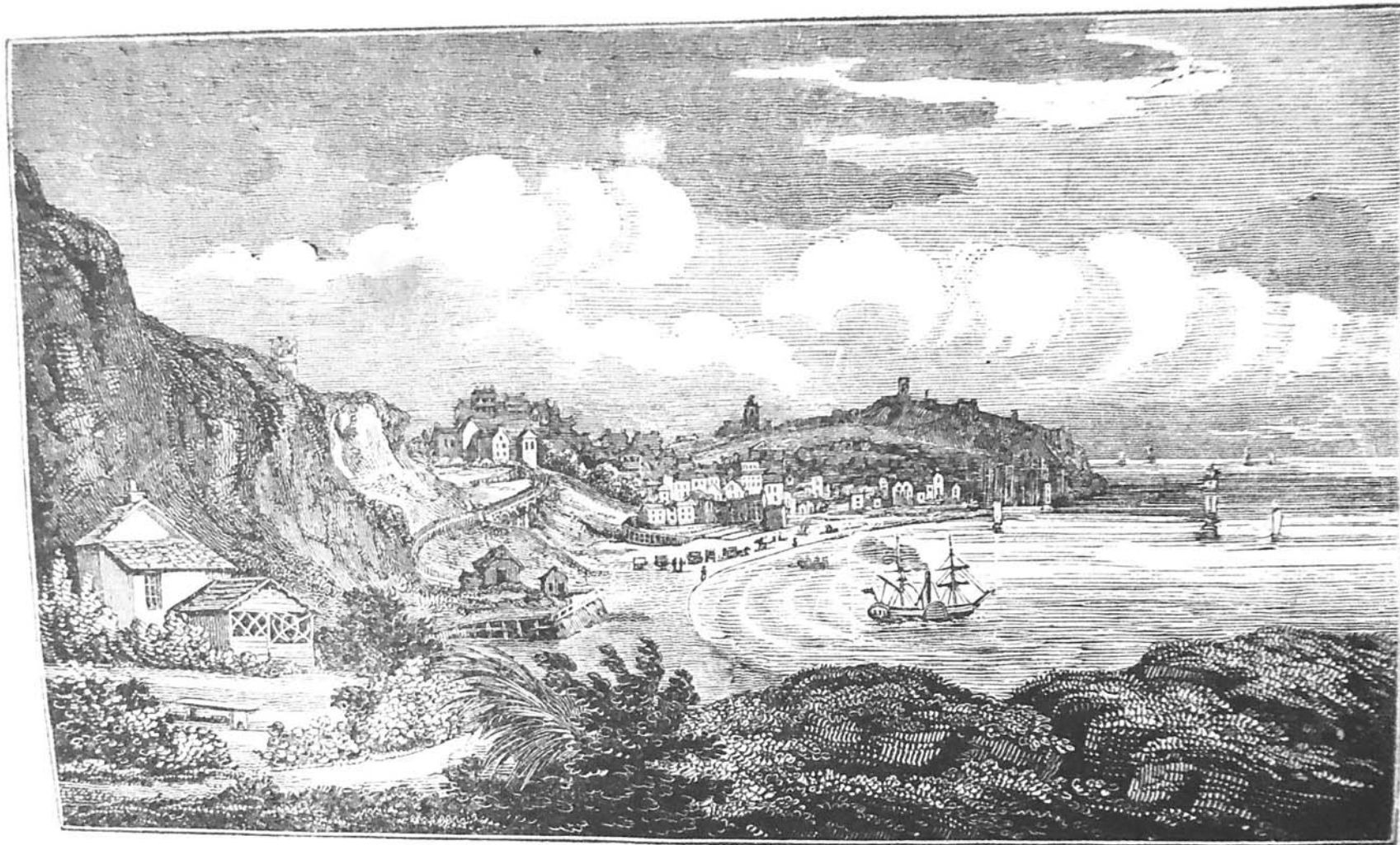
And we shall be presently there.

There's a fast-sailing vessel, how swiftly she glides!

While the spray is all dashing around her;

She is urg'd on by steam, independent of tides,

And the dangers that hourly surround her.—



SCARBOROUGH.—*Steam Packet in Sight.*

Nobly she moves on the breast of the ocean,
Now sinking, now rising, now borne on the wind;
Soon she will leave us, and out of sight halting,
Leave not a trace of her passage behind.

But come, we are near to the Bathing Machines,
And the tide is not yet on the shore;
Let us peep at the people all bathing and dipping,
Perhaps you ne'er saw them before.

There are Jenny and Betty and three or four more,
All anxious to bathe and undress you;
And Robert and John and another or two,
Who to bathe do incessantly press you.

There are green top'd machines, and tops that are red,
And both of them good of their kind;
There are towels within, there are carpets and seats,
And all that you need you will find.

There are some for the gentlemen, plac'd side by side
There are some for the ladies as well;
And the people that keep them are always at hand,
To oblige—and the difference tell.—

When you bathe then, my dears, let it be in the morn
And do not stay long in the sea;
And when you are dress'd take a nice little walk,
More healthy and ruddy you'll be.

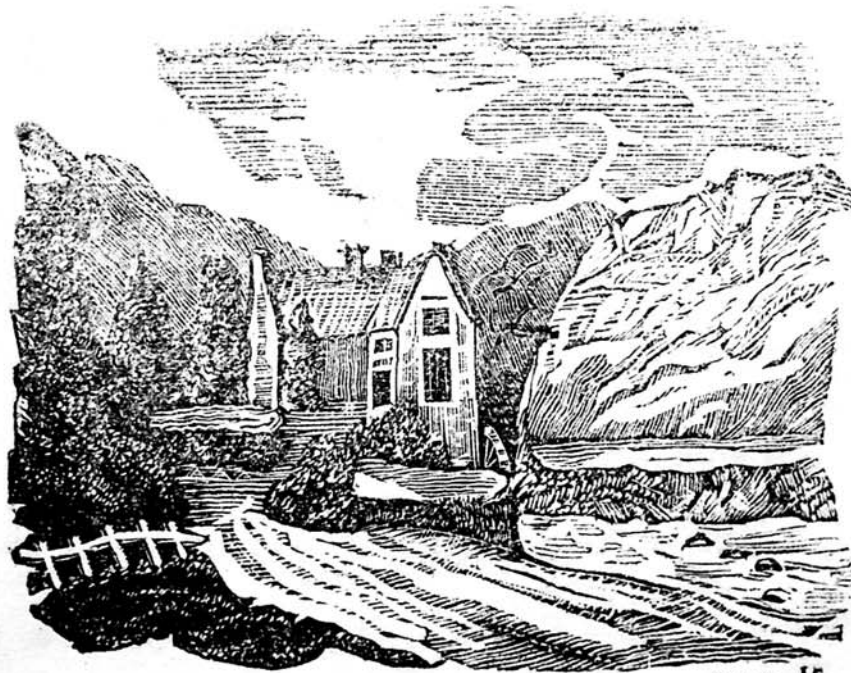
But come, let us turn to the Spring in the Cliff,
Which is pouring its stream on the Sand;
Where yon cluster of people are gather'd around,
Each bathing his face with his hand.

They say "it is good for the sorest of eyes,
That it strengthens the weakest of sight;"
Tis the purest of water that Scarborough has,
—And perhaps the good people are right.



See p. 9.

CARNELIAN BAY.



See p. 15.

SCALBY MILL & TEA GARDENS.

From thence we will go to the well at the Spaw,
Where others are betiding their course;
There is something to learn, there is something to know,
For which we shall not be the worse.

The well which is near to the little wood house,
As physic is said to be good;
But physic is nasty at all times indeed,
And never so pleasant as food.

The other is said to the bodily frame,
To give strength and improvement of health;
And, if such be the case, 'tis far better indeed
Than riches or honour or wealth.

Now shall we proceed to Carnelian Bay,
'Tis just where yon little boy stands;
Who is deeply engag'd in collecting of shells,
And the pebbles he finds on the sands.

10

We can call at the Tea Garden, on our return,
And gather a fresh blowing rose;
There is plenty of time ere the tide shall arise
Much further than where it now flows.

Should you wish for a ride, at the foot of the bridge
There are horses and donkeys enow :—
For those that are sickly, or aged, or lame,
There are plenty of carriages too.

Yon man you see wading and pushing before him
His fishing net thro' the blue sea;
Is catching of shrimps, and his wife will soon boil them,
Perhaps you may have some for tea.

But look at that man and the sailor like boys,
How quickly they're digging the sands,
How careful they look as they throw out the heaps
And turn o'er those heaps with their hands!

11

They are searching for worms that are buried below,
Which when found they make use of as bait;
These are fix'd to their hooks, and thrown into the sea,
And are caught by the fishes that wait.

The boats which are scatter'd all wide on the beach,
When the shadows of evening are flown,
Will float on the ocean, and, laden with fish,
Return when the morning shall dawn.

But the boats which you see that are cushion'd and gay.
Are for pleasure, and such as incline
To embark on the ocean and sail for awhile,
When the weather is pleasant and fine.

Now here are the steps that will lead to the town,
Shall we count them as upwards we climb?
Some say that they number one hundred and five,
And others one hundred and nine.

12

But perhaps we had better be wending our way

To the harbour, and on the west pier!

We shall pass by the fish sand,---there's fish in to-day

We can see if its cheap or its dear.

Ah! there is the Harbour capacious and wide,

When winter-storms rage o'er the sea,

Where the ships at their anchors in safety may ride,

As sure and as safe as can be.

And there is a ship that is laid on the stocks,

Which is building for far distant lands;

Hark! hark! how the carpenters double their knocks,

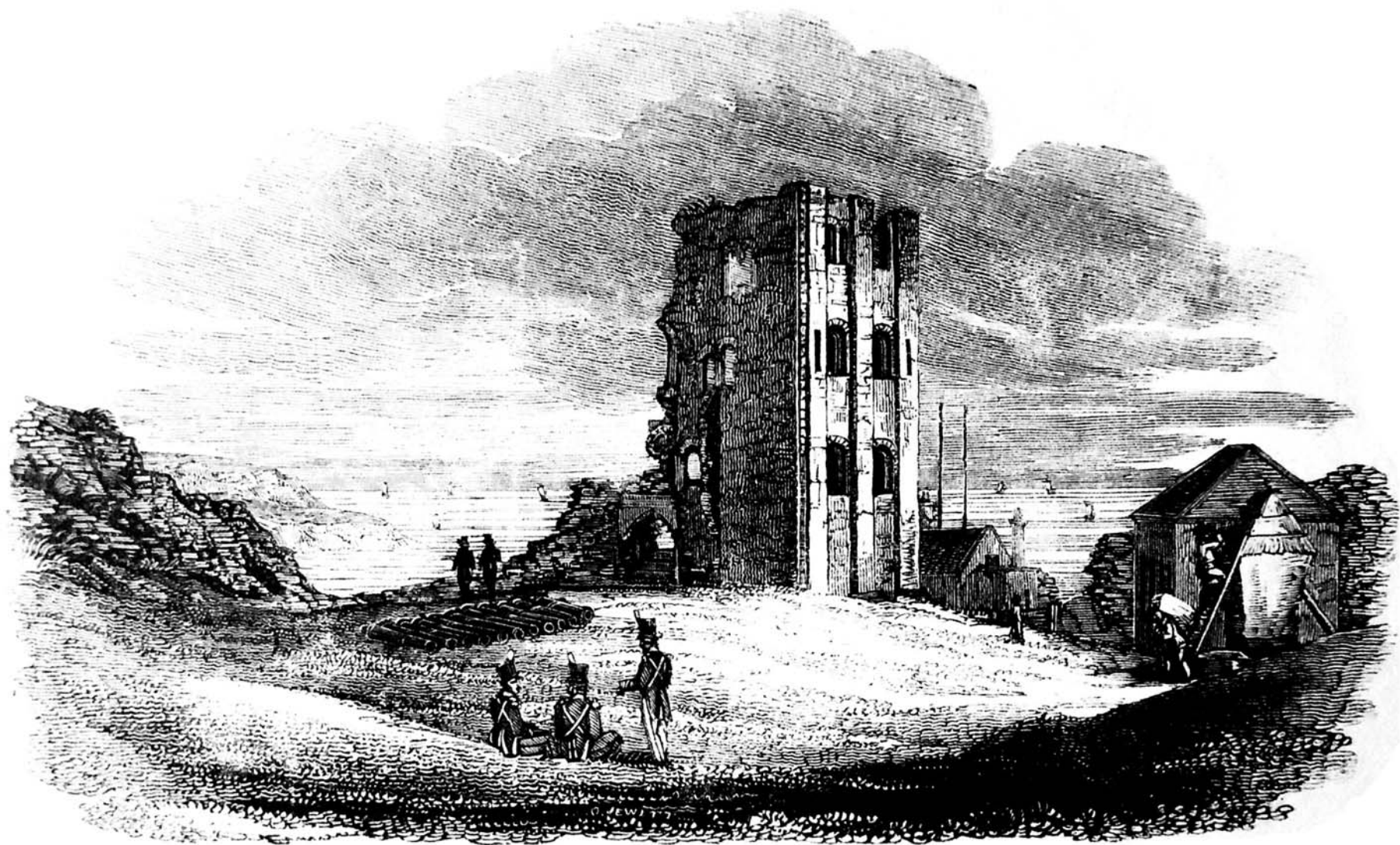
As though there were double the hands!

And that is the lighthouse, tis' built on the pier,

Secure from the billow and wave;

An outer pier guards it, no danger comes near,

While its light is a guide to the brave.



SCARBOROUGH CASTLE.

13

And there are the fishwomen, salting their fish,
And spreading it out in the sun;
They will turn it, and salt it, and turn it again,
And pack it in heaps when they've done.

Now look o'er the pier, but be careful of falling,
And see what huge stones there are there;
Thus plac'd for to break all the very big waves
Which else would demolish the pier,

And see! the Infirmary Baths are at hand,
Where are hot and cold baths for the poor:—
For those who are sick, and for those who are lame,
They have fourpence to pay and no more.

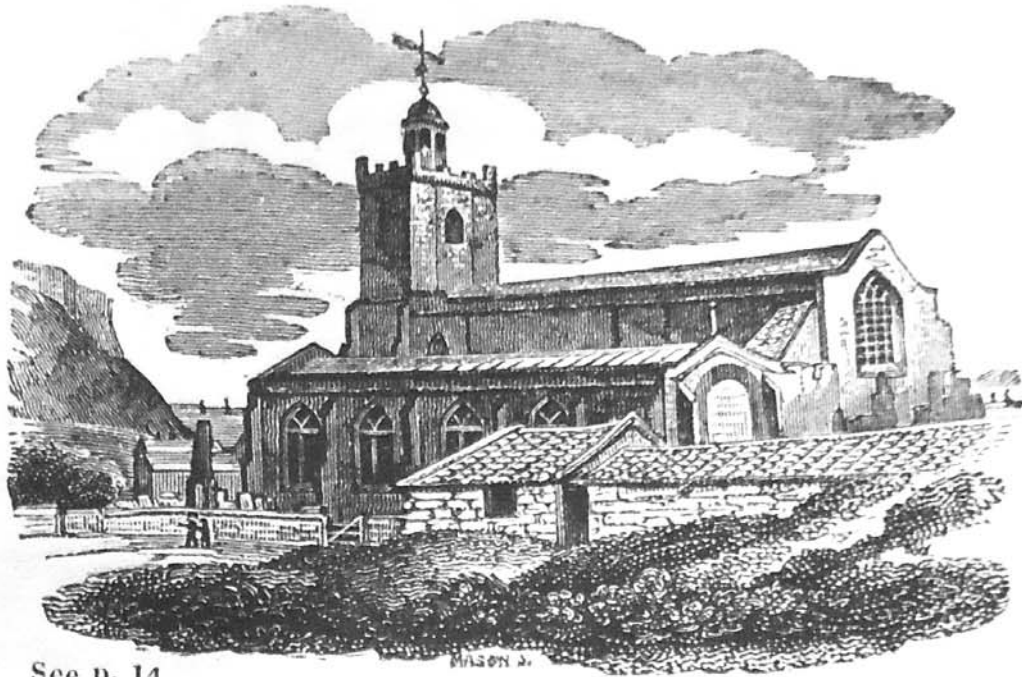
Now let us ascend, to the Castle this leads,
Which stands on a rock that is steep;
I have heard that three hundred's the number of feet,
From its edge to the face of the deep.

14

The Church, too, we'll view, & the thickly strew'd graves,
Which remind one of friends that are dead;
But good little boys and good little girls
Of such matters are never afraid.

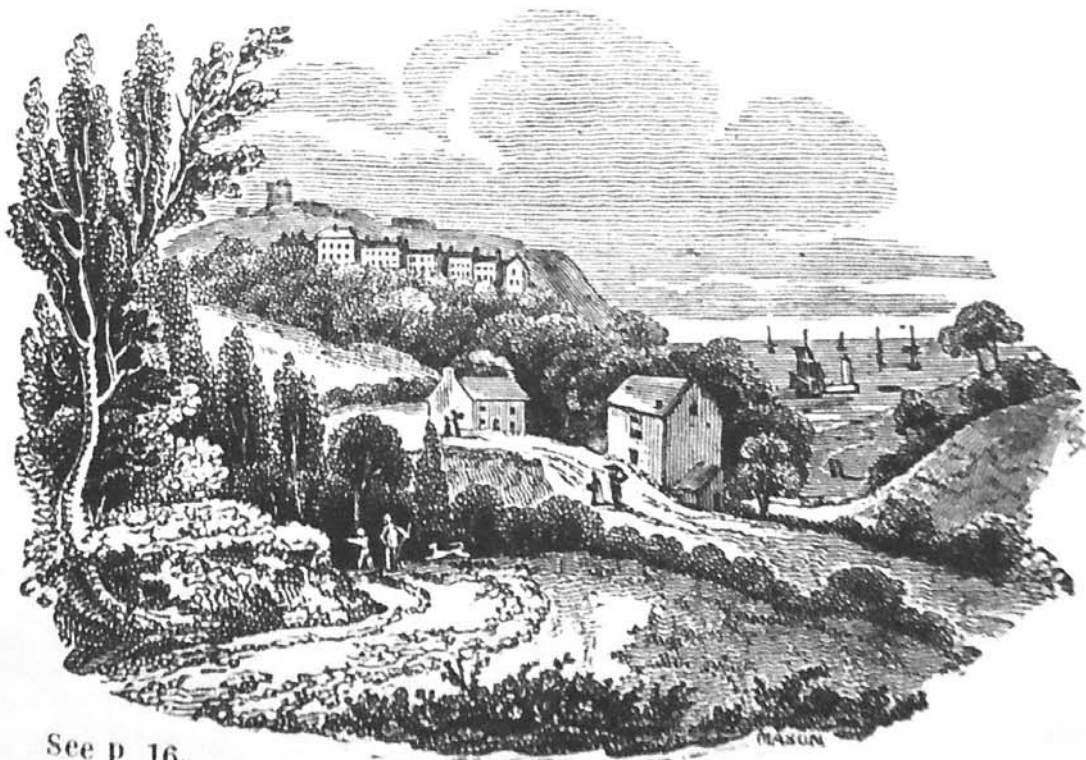
It is only when children are naughty indeed,
When conscious that they have done wrong,
That they are unhappy,—while those that are good
Are cheerful and blithe the day long.

And good little children, who do as they're bid,
Are dearly belov'd by their friends;
Their faces are smiling, their spirits are light,
And enjoyment in every thing blends.



See p. 14.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.



See p. 16.

GROVE HEAD, PLANTATION.

(Taken before the erection of the Cliff Bridge & Museum.)

SECOND PART.

Now, dear little friends, when you chose me your guide,
I promis'd, if you would be good,
You should find me agreeable,—now let me inquire
Have you of your bargain once rued?

Now choose you a donkey, both quiet and free,
Or else let us go by the shore;
And visit the mill where the tea cakes are made;
From Scarbrough 'tis one mile or more.

T'is a sweet pretty place, by its side runs a stream,
Which serves for the turning a mill;
There are gardens, and arbours, fine views of the sea,
And you're sheltered too under a hill.

16

But I pray you be careful, when taking your tea,
And do not eat much of the cake;
For the folks at the mill, oh! they make them so good,
Your stomach may happen to ache.

To-morrow, my dears, should the weather prove fine,
We will visit the Mere if you please;
Where beautiful sea birds are swimming about,
And others are borne on the breeze.

'Tis a nice little walk, by Falsgrave we'll go,
And by the Plantation come back;
And if we have time, and not very much tir'd,
Our course up by Oliver track.

From Oliver's Mount a fine prospect there is,
Of the Spaw, and the Terrace, and Bridge;
Of ships in the distance, and boats in the bay,
And high hills full many a ridge.

17

A view too of Filey, and Flamborough Head,

Our attention will doubtless engage;

But enough has been said on the subject just now

For the picture is over the page.

There are beautiful cliffs which are lofty and white,

And ships in the distance and near;

And numbers of birds that are flying about,

And men that are shooting I fear.

'Tis naughty to shoot them, they're of no use when dead,

They cannot be eaten by man;

But alive they are useful — the fisherman knows

They assist him as much as they can.

For in search of their food, they point out the fish

Which are swimming in shoals in the sea;

That man must be harden'd and naughty indeed,

Who can pleas'd with such cruelty be,

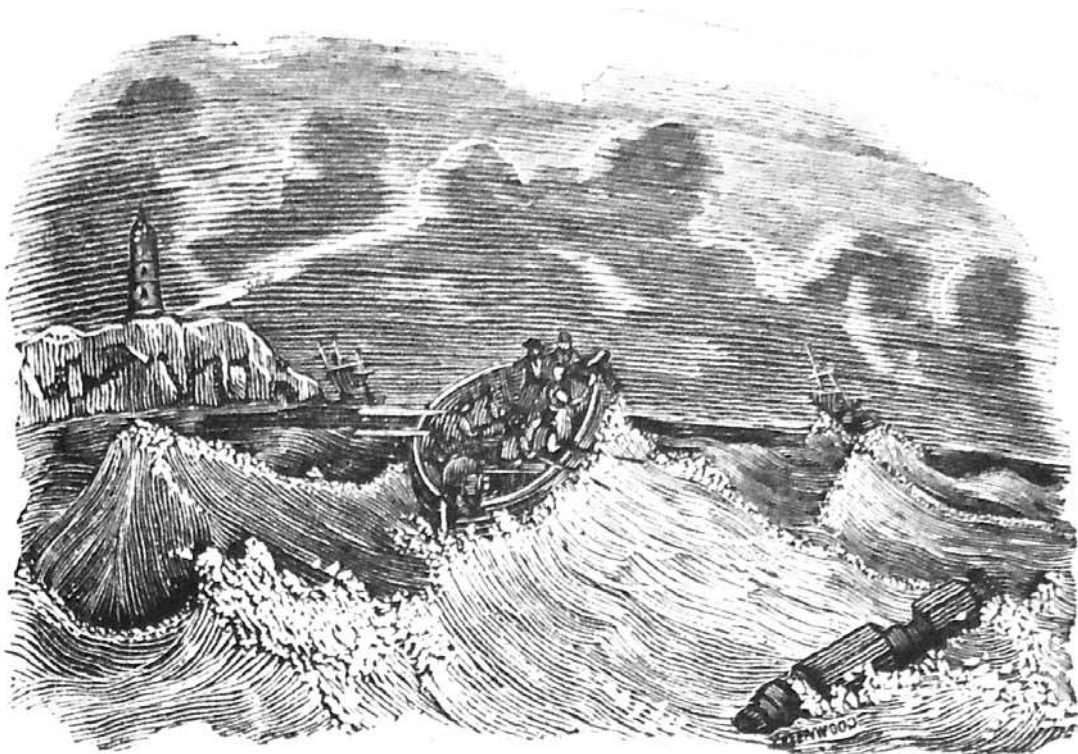
18

Observe well the Light-house, impress on your minds,
When mountain waves roll o'er the main
Flow the sailor boy's ship o'er those billows is toss'd,
Midst thunder, and lightning, and rain.

His eye is wide open'd, perchance he may view,
From this light-house, a beacon of light;
By which he avoids all the rocks and the shoals,
And steers on his vessel aright.

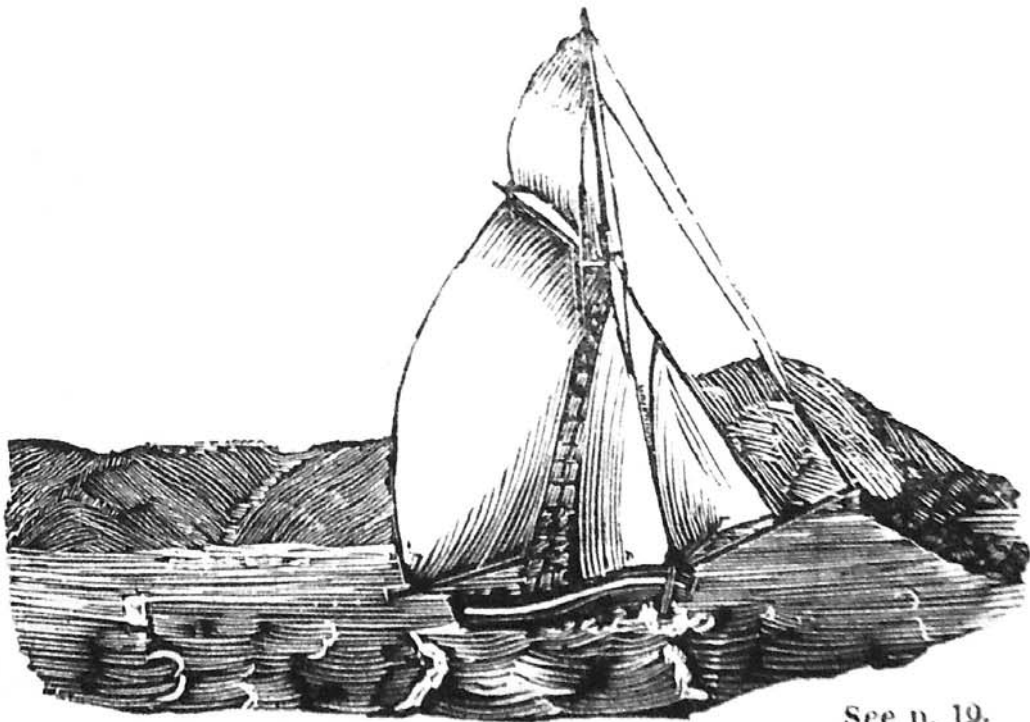
Oh! pity the sailor boy, far from his home,
No mother nor father is near;
He must sail the wide ocean, must brave through the storm,
Tho' sad be his lot, aye and drear.

Let us ever remember by sailors we have
Our sugar, Our coffee, and tea;
And now, little folks, on our journey we'll go.
I should like you the Life-boat to see.



See p. 18.

LIFE BOAT & SHIP IN DISTRESS.



See p. 19.

PLEASURE BOAT AT SEA.

The Life-boat, my dears, which is bolster' d with cork

This property has on the main:—

When upset by a wave and turn'd bottom-most up,

It rights itself quickly again.

Each sailor who mans it is hardy and brave,

Is fasten'd and strapped to his seat;

Thus protected they venture their fellows to save,

And nobly each danger to meet.

You may sail in a boat, when the weather is fine,

And the sea, like a fish-pond is still;

You must ne'er hoist a sail nor go out when its rough,

Lest your boat with sea-water should fill.

And do not look over the boat, little folks,

But firm in your seats be you. found,

For the effort of rowing will shake it about;

And you may fall out and be drown'd.

The Museum's at hand, shall we visit it first,

Before to the Bridge we ascend

It is well worth our while, it will serve to amuse,

And perhaps to instruction may tend,

There are birds, there are beasts, there are fishes & snakes,

And beautiful pebbles and shells;

There are insects and worms, and many strange things,

Far more than my memory tells.

There are beautiful butterflies, all in a row,

Encas'd and well cover'd with glass;

There are things from all nations both wond'rous & rare,

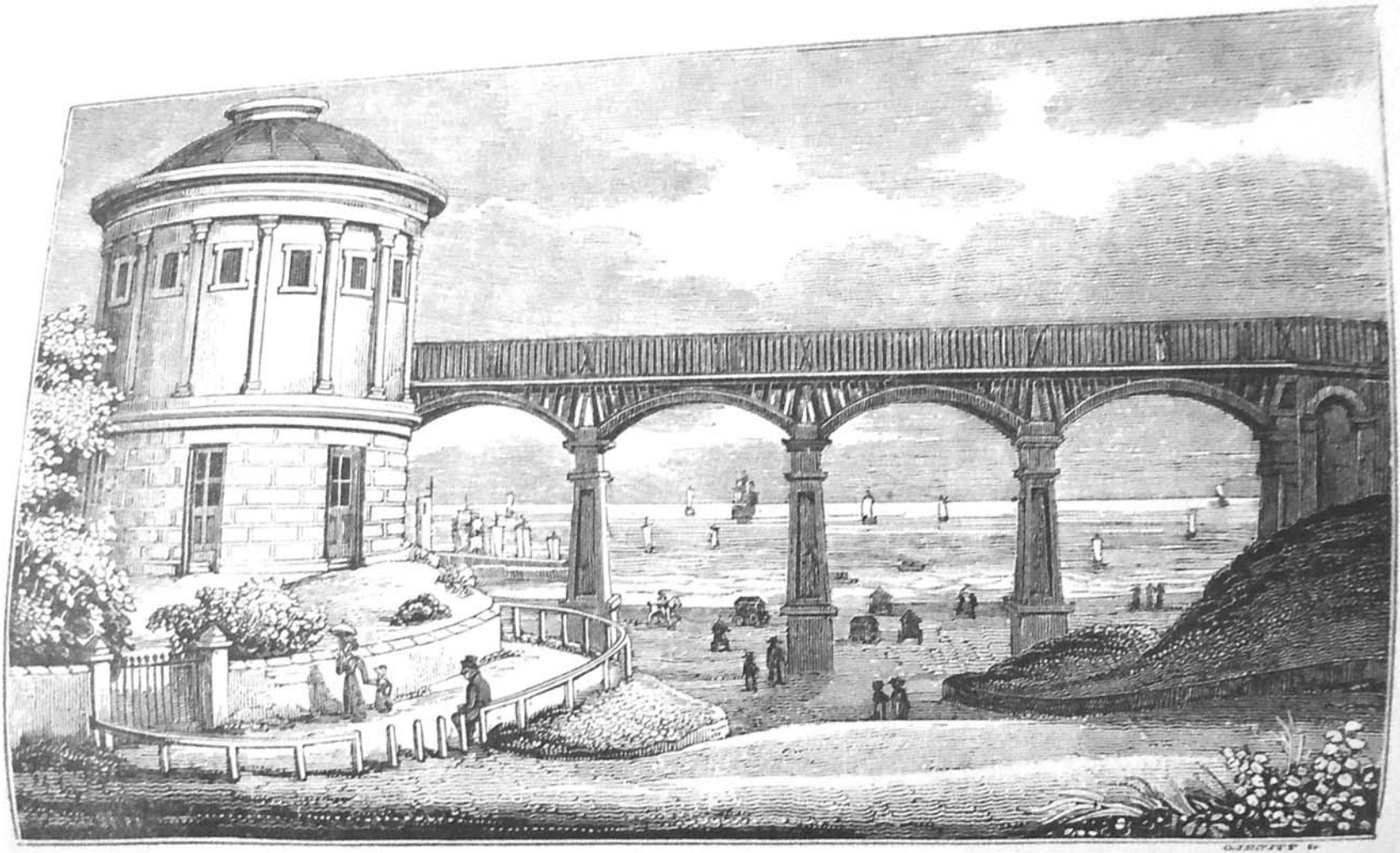
In this beautiful round little place.

And to good little boys and good little girls,

The gentleman in the next room

Has a pleasure in showing those beautiful things,

As often as ever they come.



MUSEUM, AND CLIFF-BRIDGE.

He is very particular, tho' kind and polite,
Lest his treasures should chance be destroy'd;
You must therefore not handle one thing that you see,
For this gentleman would be annoy'd.

And now let me tell you what ought to be known,
By little folks walking the shore;
To those who are come for the change of the air,—
To those who its wonders explore.

The tide, which is govern'd by change of the moon,
First flows for six hours and. then -
Begins to recede, and so ebbs fast away,
Till it comes to low water again.

By laws yet unknown, when the moon is at full,
It is always high water at four;
As each day intervenes, it is wond'rous to tell,
'Tis later by nearly an hour.



Etched by J. Greenwood, Hull, from a Sketch by H. B. Carter.

S C A R B O R O'.

A caution I give you, a caution you need,
When rambling far on the rocks,
Have a care how you tread on the glossy sea weed,
Lest you fall and get terrible knocks.

And mind as you wander along the sea shore,
Yourselves and your friends to amuse,
You do not approach very near to the waves,
Lest they suddenly fill both your shoes.

Be sure that your hat or your bonnet is tied,
Now attend unto what I have said,
For the Breeze from the sea often blows very strong,
And may blow it away from your head.

On the Sands there are star-fish—and crabs in the rocks,
On the shore there are pebbles and jet;
Carnelians, and jasper, and many such things,
Which beautiful look when they're wet.

23

And now, little folks, I must bid you good bye,
Should my pages have pleas'd you full well,
'Twill be pleasant to me that an effort I've made
The wonders of Scarborough to tell.

And I wish you your health, and, with feelings of love,
For to me ev'ry good child is dear,
I venture to hope, should you live and be well,
To see you the very next year.

And I pray you remember your **JUVENILE GUIDE**,
And show it to those who 're at home;
And tell them to buy one, and not to forget,
Should they ever to Scarborough come.



LATELY PUBLISHED BY

J. Bye, 48, Newbro' Street, Scarbro',

A NEW EDITION OF THE

HISTORY

OF

SCARBOROUGH,

WITH

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR — THE LATE THOMAS
HINDERWELL, ESQ.

EDITED BY THE REV. B. EVANS.

Several important historical contributions have been furnished by W. TRAVIS, Esq., by whom, with Dr. MURRAY, and W. BEAN, Esq., the natural history department has been entirely supplied.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO

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12mo. pr. 7s.,—8vo. 12s.,—Cloth.

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GENT. MAG. July, 1833.—Vol. xxvi. New series.